
Title: Diary, Alphons Sorell

Author: Alphons Sorell

After purchasing a few necessary supplies from the friendly provisioner, George, I set on the road leading south from the settlement's edge. Life in the mines was stable and safe, but it was not for me. Time had come for Alphons Sorell to see a little more of the world.

a stain decorates the page here Cursed creatures! Two screeching mongrels leapt upon me from the bushes. One can only wonder what has given birth to these ape-like critters with wings. I managed to dispatch them both, suffering only fright from their sudden appearance. I never thought I was so handy with the dagger. Note: test the daggerplay some more later on, may bring profit, in gold or otherwise.

Second day of journey.

After a night spent on the riverside, I approached the City of Bridges, prosperous Vesper. There was a large collection of history available in a building near vesper. All the great names of our known history are penned there, Lord British, Lord Blackthorn, Minax and of course the cursed Mondain. Stopped by the central Vesper... such outlandish wares they have here. Color brighter than sun itself, and the creatures! Marvels indeed,

and I presume they will not end here.

Proceeding to make a short stroll around the woodlands of Vesper. There is this feeling about the forest, that it is not entirely... right. It all became rather clear to me as I approached what appeared to be a circle of stones, surrounding a shifting shape of a doorway. Fascinating, that such can be done. Regardless of the rumors I have heard and the occasional visit from a magus-smith, I have little knowledge of the supernatural. The animals of the woods scuttle by and around the doorway, not alarmed at all by it's prescence.

Animals are a good indicator of danger when it comes to things like this. They have some inborn ability to sense danger, in whichever form it may appear. Note: animals, after all, are animals and one must use good judgement in interpretating the animal's reactions.

A few travellers ran to and from the doorway. Apparently it is safe. I have the courage to approach and touch the doorway now. Such potent form of travel, though it would be rather expensive to create such devices, or so I guess. I approach the gate.

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I do not know what day it is, or the time. The sky here in this nightmare landscape is dominated by a perpetual

gloom and the air seems
to stand still. When I
touched the portal, it
suckered me in and I was
thrown in a corridor of
whirling images, of places
that are, apparently,
connected to the
gateway-network. The
raging wind threw me like
a rag-doll and I found
myself here, lying against
a mushroom the size of
my own chest, growing
out of a charred ground,
next to a tree that
should have no right to
exist as it did, as a
corpse-form of what
trees as I know are. I
can see a settlement
from where I am now,
but I dare not venture
there. I see a forest
outside the settlement. I
will try to escape this
horror there.